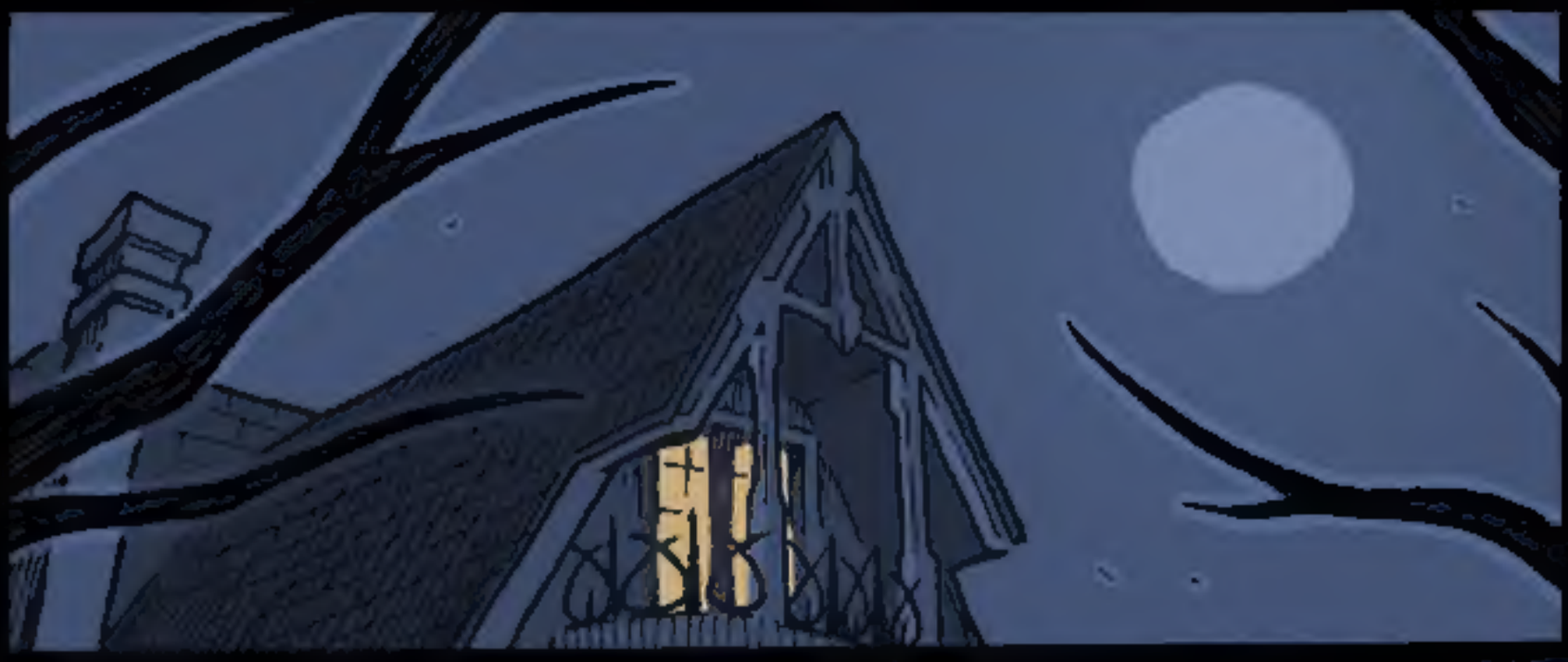
APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN



WHAT DO YOU MEAN "HE HAS NO SOUL"?

WHAT IS THIS THING ?

SOME KIND OF GHOST? A DEMON?

IT'S NOTHING.

NOTHING?
WE'RE BEING CHASED THROUGH THE WOODS BY NOTHING?
NOTHINGNESS.
THE EMBODIMENT OF IT.

...LIKE A LIVING VOID?
MORE LIKE THE INCARNATION OF ENTROPY.
I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE.
IT'S PART OF WHAT I WAS.

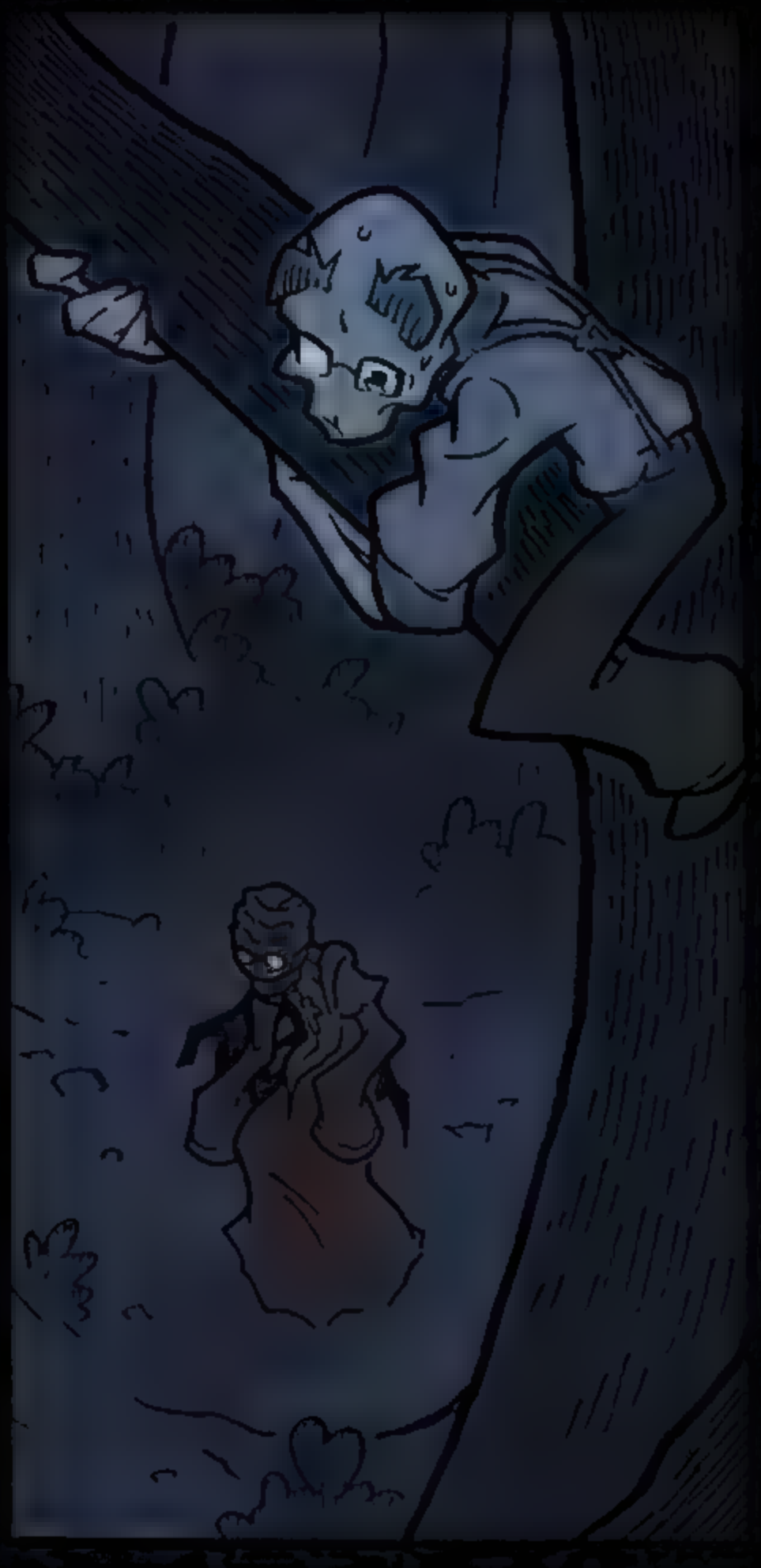
OH...
I SEE.
THIS IS YOUR HORSE, ISN'T IT?
YES.

WELL THEN. WHY ARE WE RUNNING?
LET'S GO REIN HIM IN!
IT'S NO USE. HE DOES NOT OBEY ME ANYMORE.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ?

BECAUSE I'D ORDERED HIM TO STAY AWAY.
AFTER I IMPARTED MY POWERS TO HIM, I TOLD HIM TO GO AS FAR AWAY FROM ME AS POSSIBLE.
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE.

I NEVER TOLD THE OTHERS.
I THOUGHT IT BEST FOR THEM TO STILL FEAR ME, IN CASE THEY EVER TRIED TO RESUME OUR CRUSADE.

THE TRUTH IS, MY POWER HAD BECOME TOO DANGEROUS FOR ANY WILLFUL ENTITY TO POSSESS.
IT NEEDED TO BE HELD BY SOMEONE FUNDAMENTALLY APATHETIC, SOMEONE WHO COULDN'T BE THREATENED, ANGERED, OR SWAYED...
SOMEONE LIKE HIM.



WELL THAT'S JUST BRILLIANT!

SO NOT ONLY CAN YOU NOT CONTROL HIM, BUT YOU CAN'T EVEN HURT HIM, CAN YOU?

EVEN WITH MY POWERS, I NEVER COULD HAVE.

OBLIVION WASN'T LIKE THE OTHER HORSES.

HE'S A PRIMAL MANIFESTATION. ONE WHICH CANNOT BE DESTROYED.

BUT NEITHER CAN YOU, RIGHT?

THAT
...

THAT IS WHAT I USED TO THINK.

UNTIL
THAT NIGHT.
IN POLAND.

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BOREDMAN.DEVIANTART.COM
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